

# **Brandon Lee as The Crow, Trent Reznor, and Me**

## **A Fanfiction by Freena**

### ***Chapter 1: The Beginning***

“Fuck,” mumbled Brandon Lee as the Crow as he fumbled through my antique mahogany dresser drawer looking for his favorite jet black eyeliner. “I can’t find it, babe.”

“It’s in there somewhere, babe,” I replied, annoyed at how long it was taking him to get dressed. “Let’s just go babe, do you really need to wear the clown face paint every day?” I asked, snarkily, taking a large swig of kratom.

“Sometimes.” Brandon Lee as the Crow replied, solemnly. Suddenly, in a fit of rage, Brandon Lee as the Crow swiped everything off of my mahogany dresser and screamed, throwing my clown mask against the wall, then collapsing into a ball on the cracked wood floor and crying, whimpering. The lights began to flicker and a crow stood in the window of our penthouse apartment and cawed. Brandon Lee as the Crow looked over at the crow in the window and whispered, “Me too,” with tears streaming down his beautiful, chiseled face. Again, he collapsed onto the floor, snorting, choking and slobbering over the lost black eyeliner.

“Babe,” I whispered, crawling over to Brandon Lee as the Crow, “it’s going to be okay. We can go buy you a new one.” I wrapped my long arms around his muscular body and lay there with him for a while, rubbing his back through the holes in his tattered black mesh shirt. “You know I love you, babe. Are you sure you don’t want any kratom?”

Brandon Lee as the Crow sat up out of his fetal position and looked up at me, lovingly. “I love you too, babe. And NO, you know I don’t support your Kratom addiction and I absolutely will not enable it by joining you. Still, you are my queen.” He grabbed my back with his enormous, strong hands and pulled me in close for a passionate, fiery make out sesh. With his spit dripping down my chin and his hands clutching my neck tightly, tugging my long, black hair, he pulled away and said “Let’s go.”

Brandon Lee as the Crow hoisted me up into his arms and jumped out of our 13th story window with a smirk on his Easter Island looking-ass face. “Brandon Lee as the Crow!” I belted, afraid that he’d lost his powers since being awakened from the grave. Usually we took the spiral staircase down to the street, but today he was feeling insane, off top, so he decided to jump. We fell through the air for what felt like hours, Brandon Lee as the Crow laughing maniacally and staring right into my eyes. I held onto him as tight as humanly possible, my hair whipping me in the face and his hands clutched around my toned ass. Finally, we hit the ground and Brandon Lee as the Crow collapsed onto his knees, screaming “Ow!!” His sexy leather pants had ripped, exposing his perfect kneecaps, scraped up and bleeding. Panting, he asked me if I was okay, holding me close and apologizing for jumping so abruptly. Brandon Lee as the Crow noticed that my elbow had gotten a deep, raw cut from the fall, and immediately began sucking the gushing blood out of it. I moaned deeply as he lifted his face up to mine and kissed me with a mouth full of my own blood. Suddenly, both of our wounds healed up and we sat there, cackling at the moon in our torn up clothes. Brandon Lee as the Crow took a piece of my dirty lace skirt which had gotten shredded upon impact hitting the concrete, and

tied it around his neck tightly. “Ok, now where’s CVS?” He asked, slapping me on the ass. I giggled and led him down the dimly lit city street.

When we got to CVS, Brandon Lee as the Crow was wet from the rain, and I from my fantasies. We found the perfect black eyeliner that he used every day and racked it even though it only cost a dollar and Brandon Lee as the Crow is Bruce Lee’s son and really rich. Giggling, we ran out of the store because an uptight snitch-ass employee noticed us and started to chase us down the block in the pouring rain. Brandon Lee as the Crow grabbed me tightly and jumped up onto a dirty, decrepit rooftop, where he laid me down and looked me in the eyes, breathing heavily. I slid his favorite eyeliner out of my pocket and drew slits above and under his eyes, and two crooked little lines coming out from both sides of his soft lips. He smiled, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed.

“Fuck me, Brandon Lee as the Crow,” I whimpered, soaked in rain and covered in mud. His dripping face went stone cold and his freezing hands pinned both of my arms down. “Oh, yeah?” he laughed again, “Is that what you want?” I squeaked, and Brandon Lee as the Crow looked straight into my eyes and spit in my mouth, grinding his hard cock on my nala through his wet leather pants. Smearing my makeup with his rough, dirty hands, he slid his tongue into my mouth and sloppily sucked on my face, his cock damn near bursting out of the zipper. He released my arms and I grabbed his curly, long hair and pulled him in even tighter as he bit my neck, breaking the skin and licking up the thick, dripping blood. Brandon Lee as the Crow slid back onto his knees, smearing my blood all over his face, and unwound some of the black tape on his arm, using it to bind my wrists together above my head. His fingers made their way up to my lips and

kneeling over me, Brandon Lee as the Crow lifted my legs up over his shoulders with an evil smile, ripping my tattered skirt off and sliding my panties to the side. My whole body was shivering, but not from the freezing rain. Sucking on his dirty ring-covered fingers, I couldn't contain my moans. He slapped my face and told me to shut up, so I did. He began to go down on me, and my whole body convulsed from the pleasure. After about an hour of pure ecstasy, Brandon Lee as the Crow got up and wiped his face, rain still pouring over both of us. He spit on my stomach and picked me up by the waist with his strong, fishnetted arms, throwing me onto the floor face down, pinning my arms behind my back and pulling my ass towards his now fully exposed, massive, hard cock. With my face scraping against the muddy rooftop, and Brandon Lee as the Crow grinding his throbbing cock against my dripping, wet nala, a gasping moan escaped my mouth. Over the traffic blaring below, I could still hear him whisper-sing, "Every night I buuuuurn, dreaming the crow black dream..." He ripped another piece of tape off of his arm and used it to seal my whimpering mouth shut, as he slid into my tight, waterfalling pussy.

## **Chapter 2: The Reliving**

"Where the FUCK is my Kratom?!" I screamed manically. I'd been frantically rooting around our beautiful apartment for hours trying to find my last bag. "This is a FUCKING nightmare, I'm gonna fucking KILL someone!" I shrieked. Brandon Lee as the Crow walked into the bedroom fresh out of the shower, wearing nothing but a small towel around his waist. He sat down next to me on the floor in a pile of clothes, trash, and guitar picks, and said "Babe, it's ok.

It can't rain all the time," and gave me a tender kiss on the forehead. I looked into his beautiful, loving eyes for a second then stormed out of the room, shaking. "I'm going out," I said defiantly, and slammed the door.

It was raining again that day. I walked across the street to the old, cutty diner that I'd been frequenting since I was a kid, but was now overrun by yuppies and they moms. I sat down in one of the blue leather booths and ordered a coffee from my ex-boyfriend's grandma, who owned the dinky little place. I asked how she was doing and she said business had never been better, pointing up at the neon sign that read REZNOR'S DINER & SWEETS, but used to read RENO' IN WEETS, before she could afford to fix it. "That's great," I said, and she walked away, swinging her fat hips to the kitchen. I pulled out a dying pen and tried to write a poem on a napkin, but the paper kept tearing and I got so frustrated that I spilled my coffee all over the table. "Fuck!" I yelled, and someone put their hand on my shoulder. I knew that laugh. "Trent?" I gasped. It was my long lost love.

"Hey," he said in the nasally voice I peaked at, "Can I sit down?" I stammered and said yes, admiring his dark brown shoulder length hair and eyes that were too close together. It was as if Brandon Lee as the Crow didn't even exist in that moment. "It's been so long...What are you doing here?" I asked, shyly. He explained that he'd come back to town to help his grandma out with the diner, and that he'd be here for as long as she needed him. Trent looked into my eyes and put his soft hand on my thigh under the table, whispering, "I missed you. I'm sorry I left. I thought going on tour was more important than our relationship, but you're all I want. You're everything to me." I tried not to let him see my eyes welling up but he wiped my tears because he knew I still loved him too. I grabbed his hand

and led him to the diner basement, where we used to make love while blasting his Nine Inch Nails tapes. He poured us up the strongest kratom cocktails and gave me a bag for later. “Trent...” I whimpered, sitting on the edge of the torn up corduroy couch, “I...” He put his finger to my trembling lips and said “I know. Me too,” while pressing play on the stereo, which started blasting *The Downward Spiral*. He laid me down gently on the couch and started running his fingers through my hair, softly caressing my face to the tune of “Piggy,” and finally locked his lips with mine in a long, passionate embrace. We made love for hours, with *The Downward Spiral* on repeat.

Soon enough, it was morning and my phone was blown the fuck up with missed calls and texts from Brandon Lee as the Crow. I threw it across the room and nuzzled deeper into Trent’s armpit, just feeling his chest and stroking his hair for a while, half asleep. “I love you,” we both said at the same time, and laughed. “Fuck,” I said as I realized Brandon Lee as the Crow and I had planned a date for this afternoon, “Uh, I have to go. I’m sorry. I’ll call you.” Confused, Trent got up and walked over to the stereo with his huge cock out, pausing *The Downward Spiral*. He said, “I thought...” and I interrupted him, “I said I’m sorry, Trent. I really have to go.” I got dressed sloppily and ran up the stairs and out the door, past his grandma. “Bye, now!” She yelled out the door.

### **Chapter 3: The Flesh**

I walked up the wrought iron spiral staircase and opened the door to the apartment to find Brandon Lee as the Crow cutting himself with my favorite knife on the living room floor, blood gushing from his wrists onto the antique oriental

rug. “Where have you been?” He mumbled, angrily. Before I could even answer Brandon Lee as the Crow got up and pinned me against the wall, his blood staining the Nine Inch Nails hoodie I borrowed from Trent. “I said WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?” He screamed in my face, spit flying out of his mouth. “YOU SMELL LIKE HIM.” I didn’t say a word. I stared into his eyes and smiled, pulling out the bag of kratom I got from Trent. “I swear nothing happened!” I lied, “Trent’s just in town to help his grandma out. I saw him at the diner and he gave me some kratom.” Brandon Lee as the Crow grabbed the kratom out of my hand and threw it across the room, spilling it everywhere. “NO!” I screamed, as he wiped his bloody wrists on my mouth and face. He collapsed on the floor in front of me, releasing his grip. “How could you do this to me?” Brandon Lee as the Crow whimpered, “I love you. I fucking LOVE you. I’m gonna KILL THAT MOTHERFUCKER!” I slumped down onto the floor across from him, hyperventilating and chugging the last of my kratom. Silence.

“CAAAAWWW!” The crow flew into the window and landed on Brandon Lee as the Crow’s shoulder. “Yes, darling,” Brandon Lee as the Crow said to the crow, as they both gave me a devilish look. Brandon Lee as the Crow looked at his watch. “It’s 3:33,” he said, “I’m going out,” and jumped out the window again, leaving me sick and distraught on the floor in a pool of his hot blood.

“Hello, grandma!” giggled Brandon Lee as the Crow, as he kicked in the doors to the closed up diner. “Anybody home?” He laughed evilly with a toothy grin. Trent walked up the stairs out of the basement in nothing but his frosted latex underwear. “Brandon Lee as the Crow?” He asked, confused. The diner was pitch black except for the neon sign, illuminating Brandon Lee as the Crow’s patent

leather trench coat and clown face paint. Brandon Lee as the Crow laughed deeply and maniacally, then bolted towards Trent in the dark, wielding the knife he cut himself with, ready to slit Trent's throat. "AAAGGH!" screamed Brandon Lee as the Crow, as Trent shot him with the crossbow that hung in the hallway. Brandon Lee as the Crow fell onto the linoleum floor and Trent whispered in his ear, "Put the knife down, Joker, and I won't shoot you again. Maybe I can't kill you but I know it still hurts, you pussy bitch." Brandon Lee as the Crow grunted, "Fine. We'll fight like men," and crawled up into a booth, pulling the arrow out of his chest. "Just give me a second."

Trent walked slowly backwards down the stairs, keeping his eye on Brandon Lee as the Crow, and came back with his stereo and a bunch of red and black candles. He placed the candles around the diner and lit them each with matches, then pressed play on the stereo, blasting *Pretty Hate Machine* at full volume. "Let's go, bitch," he said tauntingly.

Brandon Lee as the Crow stood up, bleeding out of his chest, and put his hand on the back of Trent's neck. "I know you want her back," he whispered with hot breath in Trent's ear, then pulled away and scoffed, "but she is just Something You Can Never Have," shoving him down onto the slippery floor, and tackling him from above. Trent spit his hot saliva in Brandon Lee as the Crow's face and used his strong arms to lift Brandon Lee as the Crow off of his body and pin him onto the ground. Sitting on Brandon Lee as the Crow's pelvic region, Trent bit Brandon Lee as the Crow's wrist wound, spurting blood all over both of them. After hours of bloody wrestling and emotional jabs, Trent and Brandon Lee as the Crow lay on the floor, panting, their bodies entangled in a sweaty mess under candlelight.



“Look,” said Trent, “I know you’re with her now. That’s just what I get for leaving the most incredible woman I’ve ever known in my life to go on tour and become a billionaire. I just wish things would’ve turned out...differently...” Suddenly, Brandon Lee as the Crow grabbed Trent’s face and started swapping spit, blood, and angst. The kiss was the most passionate either of them had ever experienced, both of their muscular bodies grinding up on one another’s, hands grabbing asses, tongues sucking nipples, cocks grinding cocks... Trent pulled away, gasping and flustered, asking “Is this the right thing to do?” And Brandon Lee as the Crow stood up and pulled his leather pants down, his massively huge, erect cock illuminated by the flickering candlelight, and said, “I know it’s not the right thing, but Kinda I Want To,” with a wink.

Trent smiled up at Brandon Lee as the Crow, and got on his knees, grasping Brandon Lee as the Crow’s hard cock in one hand and jerking his own huge cock with the other. Brandon Lee as the Crow grabbed Trent’s medium-length brown hair and shoved his face into his groin, keeping direct eye contact throughout the entire face fuck. Brandon Lee as the Crow fucked Trent’s face for almost an hour before throwing him onto the ground and entering him from behind, raw. Trent moaned in ecstasy as Brandon Lee as the Crow thrust in and out of his rectum.

Suddenly, the diner door slammed open. “Trent?! Brandon Lee as the Crow?!” I shrieked in confusion, watching my two lovers fuck passionately on the floor of my favorite childhood restaurant. Brandon Lee as the Crow slowly pulled out of Trent with a wicked smile on his face and beckoned for me to come over, holding his throbbing cock in one hand and Trent’s hair in the other. I dropped my purse and walked slowly over to them, in awe. Trent sat under Brandon Lee as the

Crow, viciously stroking his cock, spitting on himself. “Come,” he said, “Join us.” Brandon Lee as the Crow and Trent took turns ripping my clothes off to the sounds of *Pretty Hate Machine* on repeat until I was fully naked. The three of us made out and groped each other in a mess of blood, sweat, and dirt until we didn’t know whose hands were whose anymore. Finally, Brandon Lee as the Crow lifted me up and slid me onto his hot, wet cock, fucking me viciously against the wall while Trent watched, moaning. The air smelled like sex and the floor was sticky all the way from the front door to the hallway that led to the basement. Trent got up and grabbed me out of Brandon Lee as the Crow’s hold, shoving his pulsating cock in my slobbering mouth, looking me right in the eyes. Brandon Lee as the Crow smiled at both of us, his makeup smeared and face covered in blood, and grabbed my tits while sliding into my dripping nala from behind. Brandon Lee as the Crow, Trent Reznor, and I fucked for hours in that diner until the sun came up and we couldn’t bear to listen to *Pretty Hate Machine* one more time. After we’d all came more times than we thought possible, Trent got up, drenched in sweat and switched the tape to *The Fragile*. Calm and devilishly satisfied, we talked about life, love, and God, our bodies all naked and intertwined with one another.

Suddenly, the door to the diner slammed open again, and Trent’s grandma ran inside with a .38 special revolver and shot Brandon Lee as the Crow straight through the heart. Trent and I screamed, crying, and she shot Trent in the eye. I shrieked, “WHY!!!”, covered in the blood of my two dead lovers, and Trent’s grandmother said with a nasty smile, “Sex before marriage is a sin,” before pulling the trigger in my face.